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Choice Poetry.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

WATERS OF MARAH.

EXODUS XV. 23.

BY SARAH H. BROWNE.

"Waters of Marah!" then I sowed in wonder,
"Waters of Marah, have ye ceased to flow?"
There came a tone like low and distant thunder,
Or voice of many waters answering "No"

"Waters of Marah," then I questioned lightly,
"Tell me, I pray ye, where beneath the sun
That stains so wearily, the world of brightly,
Where do your dark and turbid currents run?"
And the hoarse voice came yet again, replying,
"Where'er are human strife and human woe,
Where rankling rage or discontent is sighing,
There do the bitter waters of Marah flow!"

Deep in the heart of Hatred are they springing—
And in the sick heart's throbbing temple of Care,
And cold within Falsehood's crime shrine is oozing,
They gleam, with virgin sparkliness, in Prayer.

They come and dash where man consorts his brethren—
Where fate with hostile swords is dividing Love,
But, where to rain one word does slumber,
Mid dense assertions to the eye they soar!

But where, amid the heart-desert's dreadful pressing,
They suddenly disturb the sacred loneliness Grief,
Till frighted Hope flies from the wasted spring—
Oh, how intensely bitter then they are!

For there the tragic events of deep despair crowd,
Bitter if only for the sake of Memory;
There Love—parental, filial, and fraternal—
Finds its most poignant sorrow and its holiest grief.

But oh, no point of space and mutable growing
Can limit the Waters of Marah, for they flow
And heartbeats flower with unknown drops ever
Wherever human hearts do throb and glow.

Steeped in its dark, bitter tinge of wretchedness
Are the breasts in hearts whose anger cannot
Claim you to be if the after fruits of Home,
And under its Eden-like influences—
Thither let me bear bitter waters come!

Yet there the deepest sorrow is wept pleasantly,
Where Love is first of the after fruits of Home,
Where Love—parental, filial, and fraternal—
Finds its most poignant sorrow and its holiest grief.

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Pictures of Life.

THE CROSSCAUSEWAY CLUB.

A True Story.

Early in the winter of 1797, a few lads who had been schoolfellows and playmates in the Grosscauseway Academy, situate in the suburbs of Kirkburg, reëntered by Walter Scott as the residence of his hero Gravesloss, met together one evening at the house of a widow lady, to have a pleasant and not particularly silent assemblage, and to spend it up the most part in the society of each other, and of their own thoughts, and their own conversation. It was not the less that the place of meeting was a humble one, and that the fare was a home scones stoneys high, and lighted by a penny candle, and had hams as good as begged for the occasion.

"What would you think of instituting a club?" said one of the party, after the first burst of laughter.

"Capital!" said another. "But we must not go get up a club. What shall it be called?"

"I am not talking in jest," added the first speaker. "I do not mean anything of a formal affair, but a society for reading and instruction. I have often thought that we might be of much use by teaching and improving each other. We knows one thing, and another knows another thing, else. Would it not be an excellent plan to melt down into a lump, as it were, all that we individually know, and then divide it fair shares? Each would be rich indeed."

"Fair-play clause!" was the general declaration. "When shall we set the thing on foot?"

"I vote for meetings twice a week as long as we would be a society, and that we begin to-night," said that Hegmanay evening, the last night of December, which the reader may remember.

The proposition was carried. Without reflecting on the nature of the engagement, all pledged themselves to be punctual members of the club by at least an Ute Rasse stone, at six o'clock on every Tuesday and Friday, when the week of their leave, and that, in the event of failure to attend, a penalty should be exacted.

"Gentlemen," said another, "I am sorry to have to be the first to propose the payment of a penalty, but I must remind you that we have no room for our meetings, and that we must have one. Our club will be ruined if we have to pay for the use of a room."

"Let us meet at each other's houses in turn," said one. "Or we can hold a great farm for lectures, and be entertained to advance himself or something of the kind, in the manner of the Corresponding Society."

"Not exactly," said another. "By all means let us get up a club. What shall it be called?"

"I am not talking in jest," added the first speaker. "I do not mean anything of a formal affair, but a society for reading and instruction. I have often thought that we might be of much use by teaching and improving each other. We knows one thing, and another knows another thing, else. Would it not be an excellent plan to melt down into a lump, as it were, all that we individually know, and then divide it fair shares? Each would be rich indeed."

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"——" is one of the best medical students and Lyne Cosgrave."

"——" for Gossamer of the Royal Medical Institution, and Lyne Cosgrave."

"——" for Macdonald's Grosman

found in an increased state of fever. He ordered cool treatment to be thought judicious, prescribing at the same time a gentle aperient, and shielding quiet in the adjoining chamber. After the physician's departure, Mrs. Heys showed Bowen the preparations which she had caused to be made for his convenience and comfort in a small room adjoining Mr. Ralston's, and communicating with it, and then bade him good night.

It was now past seven o'clock, and Bowen remained sitting in a restless agony for all gentlemen. The lower world fain have kept him in continuous unconsciousness, but as disencumbrance seemed as possible, till in the course of half an hour the quiescent state and the heavy breathing of his patient showed that the opiate was exerting its full and beneficial effects.

And now, for the first time since his generous act, Bowen was able to direct his mind calmly to the occurrences of the day. He was startled to the disappointments of the morning, his own despondency, his wife's unwavering piety, his unconsciousness and treacherous conduct of Prantley, Mr. Ralston's kindness and generosity—and all these seemed so strange and unreal, that he would have been tempted to regard them as the mere phantasms of a disordered brain, if the points of this reality had not at that moment been around and about him. But what was the prevailing sentiment of his absorbing every? Gratitude, deep heartfelt gratitude to the Giver of all good. In the meeting of that very day, he had wandered hopeless, friendless, from place to place, seeking, almost begging for employment however humble, that might give him the most means to keep him and his from the horrors of destitution; now, in the evening of the same day, he was comparatively rich, with no fears for the present, and with bright hopes for the future. He had found an enemy, unexpectedly and most undeservedly, but his machinations had but rendered vain and harmless; he had also found friends, friends that had assisted him in his greatest need, and who, he felt, were friends for life. He had also saved, at least from serious injury, if not from death itself, a good and generous man, and he blessed God that he had been the honored means. When he thought of the tendency and probable result of these events with respect to himself and family, his sensations were those of unmixed joy and thankfulness to his Almighty Benefactor, as he dwelt upon the base intrigues, the disgrace and the dreadful misery of the past, when but a few hours back he had regarded as his best and only friend.

Time flew rapidly and unmarked by Henry Bowen, while he was thus busy with his own thoughts; he had remained in the invalid's room, ready to attend to his lightest movement, the instant that the effect of the opiate ceased; but he still slept; and as the clock pealed the hour of nine he was about to retire into the little room prepared for him, with the intention of passing forth his grateful heart to God for the manifold blessings of the past day; when a gentle tapping called him to the door of the sick room; he opened it and found the barber in the entry, closing it gently after him, he joined his friend.

"Is master sleeping, sir?" asked John, in a low whisper. "I thought it was his voice I heard answer to Bowen's affirmative nod, "and so I told the young man; but he wouldn't be satisfied till I came to see."

"Of whom do you speak?"

"Of Mr. Prantley, sir—he's in the hall, and I am afraid I shall have some trouble to get rid of him. He looks very bad, sir."

"Tell him, Mr. Ralston says that he will see him to-morrow."

"Did master really say so?" asked John.

"Certainly: tell him so. At all events, Mr. Ralston must not be disturbed now."

"No, sir, by no means. I'll go and let him; I didn't like to leave him alone downstairs—but I was afraid of making a noise."

So saying, the old butler hastened to dismiss the applicant, and Bowen re-entered the chamber. Seeing that the old gentleman had not been disturbed, he resumed his purpose and in the retirement of his own little room he accepted for a silent space of time the heartfelt satisfaction of uninterrupted, reverential communing with his God. This duty performed, he rose and looked from the window—the night was calm, and the scenes unusually quiet. He again entered the sick man's apartment, and finding that the invalid was still sleeping, he returned to the little room, leaving the communicating door slightly ajar, so that he might catch the first movement of the sleeper.

The house was perfectly still, for all its inmates, himself excepted, had retired to rest. Bowen drew his chair to a table, which was in one corner of the little room, and taking a Bible from small book-case, was soon deeply engaged in the perusal of its unfailing promises. The time passed on unheeded. Now and then the deep breathing of the sick man heard, as if to catch the slightest sound from the next room; but all there was still save the deep breathings of the sleepers; and again he resumed his book.

Hour after hour fled, and the deep tone of the neighboring steeple had just pealed forth the hour of one, when a slight, but perceptible noise met his ear! At first he thought it was the light cracking of the coaled wall, or one of the thousand sounds of night, though inaudible in the day, so sensibly strike the listening ear in the quiet vacation of the night. Again he heard it—it was nearer, more distinct. He listened, and again the same sound met his ear more near: it came, surely, from the carpeted entry:—it was the stealthy yet lousy footstep of a human being. It might be one of the domestics come to look in after his master's comfort. It approached the door of the sick room: the handle of the door was turned, quietly, instead, as a fearful of disturbing the sleeper's rest. Henry Bowen rose, his heart throbbing almost audibly; he strode to his own door, quietly yet silently—he looked into the other room, and good heavens—there, close by the bed of the unconscious sleeper, plainly discernible by the pale light of the morning twilight shone, stood the form of an unknown man. His hand was in his bosom, it was seen withdrawn, armed with a long, glittering knife. Bowen spoke not, but with rapid, unconscious strides was at one moment close to the stranger's arm at the midnight murderer. That arm rose, but as it would descend, it was seized with his own left hand, and his right closed with an iron grasp upon the intruder's throat. The fallen stabber with the instinctive pang of deserted guilt, and his knife dropped upon the floor.

"Villain! what do you here?" shouted Bowen, and he shook with his whole energy.

A deep, muttered cause was the sole reply as the fallen, seeing that he had but one to cope with, turned upon his assailant. With a vigorous wrench he freed his right arm, and in his turn clutched Bowen by the throat. For one moment the struggle was desperate and equal. Rapid and violent blows were given and received—they toggled and fell, but each held to his first grasp. There was a standstand in the way—they came upon it, threw it down, and rolled over it upon the floor. The fall loosened their grasps. Another desperate struggle—and Bowen found himself under the heavy pressure of the villain's knee, and saw that he had regained his knife. He grasped for some for help, but at the moment when he thought to feel the sprawny weapon plunged into his throat, it was descended upon the wretch's head, and he relied senseless by his side. Bowen sprang upon his feet.

"Thank God! thank God! you are safe!" exclaimed Mr. Ralston, as he stepped from his bed-room door, looking rather wild, for he had just used with such effect, and staggering backward to secure his own feet.

Bowen rushed to the bell-rope and gave it so violent a jerk that it broke from its moorings and remained hanging in his hand—he instantly turned with it to the prostrate body of his late antagonist, and having first secured the weapon, a long, sharp, two-edged dagger-like instrument was firmly bound his back—While this occupied, the whole house was filled with the discordant sounds of quickly ensuing confusion and fear. Mrs. Heys followed by old John and the rest of the household came rushing into the room.

"Murder! murder!" still screamed the old lady. "Watch!—help!—murder!—we shall all be murdered!" Then seeing the apprehensive looks of fear and astonishment fixed on his bed, "My God!" my God!" she continued, "my poor dear master, my dear master. Who has done this!" and she raised her head upon her arm, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Take care of him, my good lady, he is not hurt, he has only fainted," said Bowen, turning from the villain whom he had just vanquished giving his directions calmly though rapidly. "John, my good friend, go down to—street door, and o—ll in the watchman. I heard his rattle spring. William, come here, and help me carry the wretch from the room. Mr. Ralston must not see him when he returns."

Aided by William, who carried a light, he room, and placed it in the entry in a sitting posture against the wall. Then, directing William to stand by and keep guard over him, he returned to look after the state of the old gentleman. Mrs. Heys was still bidding his dear good agen; her arm though the efficient aid of his other attendants not again lifted him into his bed. The old lady was calling for vinegar, water, and other means of restoring him: at one moment, peevishly scolding her fellow servants for their tardiness, and at the next apostrophizing the insensible head in the field in terms of the most affectionate endearment.

As Bowen approached, the invalid sighed heavily once or twice, and then muttered some words in a low tone. Bowen paused, and by a sign signed to them to be silent, and taking his hand, said, in a low voice:

"How do you feel now, sir? Pray be calm —you have been roused too suddenly."

"I'm suddenly!" repeated the old man,—"suddenly!—oh, no, no," he added, hysterically, "he was under him: no, no—he didn't—struck him,—I struck him,—I struck him!—ha! ha!" and he repeated his words by a gesture, as if again in the act of striking, and then fell back weak and exhausted. Bowen saw that he was about to faint, for a few moments he spoke again: "Where is he? Where is Henry Bowen? I must see him. Did the villain hurt him?"

"No, my dear sir, I am here and unhurt, restless and impatient, for I could not sleep." Bowen spoke in a tone of cheerful assurance. "I cannot know him. He is a mere ruffian."

"No, sir, you do not know him;" the young gentleman replied, for he caught the voice. "You cannot know him. He is a mere ruffian."

Mr. Ralston sighed heavily, as if relieved from some great fear.

"Thank God for that, too," he said,—"but tell me—what has become of him? What did he want?"

"He is secured, my dear sir. He can do no more mischief. But you must not ask me a question. "For the rest you shall be satisfied to-morrow. Pray compose yourself, now, or I shall be forced to leave you, and I am anxious for my care of you. I hear the watchman below. Good night, sir, and if you cannot calm, I beseech you, my dear sir. I will return immediately." So saying he left the room.

Mr. Ralston was totally unable to follow his advice; he was in a state of dreadful agitation. The excitement of the preceding day, added to the violent shock just received, had completely unstrung his nerves, and he shook in every limb, as if shaken with the palsy.

Bowen was alarmed at the condition in which he found his friend, and he was anxious to send for the doctor, as soon as he could get rid of the ruffian who, he had secured.

(CONCLUSION IN NEXT.)

Clippings.

A London waiter asked an Irish woman belonging to the same house if she would not get any prize money. "Oh, indeed, yer honor, no, but it is sifted though a sieve, and all the lafe through goes to the officers, and all that sticks to the ships is left to the men."

"I think you've said in a court of law," Keep silence there! it is very strange one cannot have a moment's quiet to hear a case decided, and knows how many cases, and have not heard one word of them."

"Why what must you do to a Tom-cats to make it fit to eat? Give it up. Why, take away the tail entirely." The answer was quick.

"A gentleman meeting an old woman in the street asked her how she did. "Why, sir, I'm coming on coming into possession of a large *landed* estate. "There was such a report," replied the gentleman, "have any friends died and left you a *groundless*?"

At 11 o'clock on working men in Berlin who can not give proof that they will get employment within a week, are sent out of Berlin by order of the police. They are then supported at the expenses of the Treasury. We have the highest respect for the talents of Mr. Walker, but the last twelve copies of his Report have been received, and we have, respectfully digested, it keeneses rather tiresome.

THE UNION.

We occasionally see that hateful word "Union" in the letters of the Washington correspondents of our political papers.

Gentlemen politicians, we, the sober-minded people of this country, allow you to enjoy your political liberties. So that you only contrive to manage your political affairs in accordance with the laws, we let you have pretty much your own way. We do not grumble at your eight dollars a day, and some extra hundreds for mileage—we do not grumble at the "stationery" you get, or the way in which you charge it to the Government. And as secrets is a rights not even to be alluded to by a Christian man as a possible alternative, no one thinks of the part of the letter of the Secretary of the Treasury, which says that "the last Congress left the Treasury with a balance of \$5,000,000 in it." Such secrets are not

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1849.

CALIFORNIA.

Vessels have lately started from pretty nearly all the ports of the Eastern and Middle States for the "land of promise." One company that have chartered them take out generally merchandise, provisions, &c. Mr. Wm. Swift, formerly of this town (Conn.) News, who left on the 15th inst., took out with him a printing press, types, printer's paper, &c., two story house and provisions for himself and party for a year and a half.

The New York Evening Post confirms the statement that many of the party who left that city in the Christopher Colon for San Francisco, belong to the richest, wealthiest, and most respectable families of that city. Of the estate in which Astor used to leave for California, we have mentioned the names of S. S. Osgood, and Mr. Archbold, the nephew of the Stanford Bros. A son of Chester Harding, of Boston, also is also reported as about to leave for the promised land. Dr. Stansbury, of Brooklyn, Dr. Gardner Kirkland, the authoress, Miss Fanning, &c.

The Southern people do not seem so eager after the gould. Perhaps they know too much about gold mines, and do not believe in picking the precious metals up in the streets. A letter dated at Charleston, S. C., is said to be the only one yet from the South.

Most of the companies going out have come to brawls with them. A company from this city, on the brig Hannah, have had a little shooting affair to run on the Savannah.

Two million dollars of gold dust is stated to be at San Francisco waiting for the means of transportation. The Panama route is the part of the country being bright again, owing to reports of a most flattering character, received through various sources.

In any event our readers may be assured that we shall study to give the "Post" the full benefit of steam over California, waiting accurately to be picked up by our editorial friends, who will be also furnished with being taken possession of by less honorable hands. We rest contented with knowing that if the Post comes, it must positively be so and other industrious people who stay quietly at home.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 134—adults 56, and children 78.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 8th, Mr. Underwood, of Kentucky, presented a petition, asking for an appropriation by Congress for the purpose of purchasing such fine colored persons as may desire to emigrate to Liberia, and such children as may hereafter be born.

Mr. Underwood moved that the petition be received and referred to the Judiciary Committee, with instructions to inquire whether Congress has the power to appropriate such appropriations; and if so whether it is expedient at the present time to exercise it.

Mr. Hale moved to lay the question of reception on the table; on the question of reception the ayes were ordered, and resulted as follows—35 yeas, 10 nays; so the motion was carried.

On the motion to refer, the following considerations of the subject was postponed.

Mr. Fremont introduced a bill to appoint a Geologist for California and Oregon, at a salary of $1,000 a year.

The resolution was read twice and referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

Mr. Bayard, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, to whom was referred the bill for admitting California into the Union as a State, reported the long and argumentative report in opposition to it.

Mr. Douglass spoke at length in opposition to the report, and to the bill, and said that the report makes three objections to the bill, which he considered unfounded. The admitting California into the Union as a State—as being unprecedented and unconstitutional to admit a territory into the Union over previous government had been organized, and unconstitutional to divide a State after being admitted.

Mr. Downe, of Louisiana, said he was a stranger to the subject matter, which he considered connected with a majority of the committee on a number of points, but he differed in opinion with that meaning, and of course, sufficient time was not afforded him to make a counter report; but he would say that the report of the bill was thought the bill might have been so modified as to have met the views and overcome the objections.

Mr. Butler replied to the intimations that had been thrown out that the committee had reported without full consideration. No subject, within his recollection, had ever been more thoroughly sifted in committee. Every facility had been afforded to the friends of the bill, and all that could be said to be heard—in which, if possible, from them their views.

Mr. Foote was in favor of printing a large number of extra copies. The subject was one of great magnitude, but did not require any other time to discuss set forth in the report.

Mr. Dickinson, the author of the report, stated somewhat at length the proceedings of the committee, on which he had been charged with much warmth, a number of the points in the report which had been misstated.

Mr. Westcott concurred fully in the report. He asserted that the power to create a State was not vested in Congress.

Mr. Clayton said that he was peculiarly situated. He was a member of the Judiciary and other committee. He subscribed fully to the main features of the report, but he could not subscribe to the constitutional one expressed to admit California into the Union as a State.

After further debate, it was agreed, for the present, to print the usual number of copies for the use of the Senate.

On motion, the further consideration of the subject was postponed.

The Senate then went into Executive Session, and after sitting for some time with closed doors, soon adjourned over until Monday.

Mr. Dickinson presented a petition from Mr. Wilkes, asking for aid for the construction of a railroad from Detroit to the Pacific.

Mr. Dayton reported a bill granting a patent to Mr. Green for the manufacture of sheet iron.

Mr. Dickinson, from the committee on the minority report, in favor of admitting California into the Union as a State, reported a bill for the admission of the State of California into the Union.

After the conclusion of the discussion, a resolution was adopted, authorizing the printing of one thousand extra copies of the majority and minority report.

The bill to settle titles and claims to lands in the State of Missouri and California, was postponed—rights, was next taken up. This bill provides for the sale of the mineral lands by the acre, including the gold lands of California.

Mr. Benton said he was opposed to the bill—he was opposed to the principle of the recently incorporated lands. He denounced the present mania for gold hunting, which seemed to have become the universe. He said if he had the power he would extinguish these lands.

Mr. Benton left the floor, but before making any remarks, a motion to adjourn prevailed.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 8th, Mr. Butler moved to reconsider the vote by which the bill to establish a Board of Commissioners to settle private bills in the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. Ingersoll, after having prevailed, said the bill placed in Committee of the Whole, Mr. Vinton, of Ohio, in the chair, and Mr. Ingersoll moved to take up the appropriation bills. Has object in thus calling promptly on the bills was to complete all satisfactory explanations to members. He alluded to the progress of the clashes in this country, which was now divided into two sections, North and West. He well remembered the contentions which existed on the question of slavery years ago—causing business of the most urgent and immediate kind to be postponed until the question of slavery was disposed of. Almost daily petitions and memorials appeared at the Seat of Government, and the business of the country became in fact, as the times would have come to act upon them.

Mr. Vinton's motion prevailed, and the House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole—Mr. Rockwell, of Massachusetts, in the chair—and took up the Indian Appropriation Bill. The bill was agreed to without amendment, and the Committee rose and reported the bill to the House for its action.

Mr. Gentry objected to the four day's notice in reference to the mileage of members, which had appeared in the N. Y. Tribune, and which had been so freely and frequently commended upon in the House, was for purposes to which those papers which had been attributed to him. He had not concurred the idea of imposing the matters of mileage upon another, nor was it his desire to make any political capital for himself in the transaction.

He believed that in the matter of mileage—which had grown into all the authority of precedent—a great wrong had been committed—that it was an abuse which could not be too quickly corrected. He was not for the abolishment of it, but to correct the abuse and thereby save thousands annually to the country. He would, as any member stood charged in the public opinion which had given so much offence, with taking an extra dollar, resign their seat.

Mr. Turner.—I am charged with taking an excess of eight hundred dollars.

Mr. Gentry.—Excuse me what I

Mr. Turner.—I am charged with an excess of eight hundred dollars over the sum I would be entitled to by the present mode.

Mr. Turner declared that the publication in the N. Y. Tribune was false—that no correspondence that he held himself personally responsible for what he uttered.

Mr. Gentry rose to reply, but was interrupted by Messrs. Hamlin, Barrow, and Brown, of Mississippi, who recommended very earnestly upon the Tribune publications, for the false positions which it had placed them before the public.

An [illegible] dance was much continued and excitement in the House—the members all bobbed together in the centre aisle.

Mr. Gentry proceeded with his remarks. He said that he had been charged with selling a newspaper, which he had been sent to Congress to disgrace other duties. If he did not time to write for the paper with which he was connected, it did not prevent him from discharging his duties, and his whole duties, as a member of the House to which he had the honor to belong.

He believed he worked as faithfully and as earnestly as any member, either in the House or in Committee.

Mr. McKay here interrupted Mr. Gentry. He said that injustice had been done him in the Tribune publication, but for all that, he approved of the publication, and did not doubt but that Mr. Greeley was actuated by nither and better motives than had been attributed to him.

Mr. Greeley resented and replied to the remarks of Mr. Root. He yielded the floor finally to Mr. Schenck, who read the publication which had appeared in the New York Tribune, in order to show that it was deliberately intended to arrest action in Congress. Mr. S. asked Mr. Greeley if it was not a mistake.

Mr. Greeley replied by stating that it was a slant of only such members who refused to do right.

Mr. Schenck.—That is, it is a slant against such members as refused to vote as the member from New York votes.

Mr. Schenck stated the course which he intended to pursue relative to his own mileage, and then asked Mr. Greeley if he demonstrated that course a dishonorable one.

Mr. Greeley declined charging dishonor in such cases.

Mr. Murphy next got the floor, when, on motion, the Committee rose.

Mr. Vinton offered a resolution, which was adopted, limiting the debate on the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill to one hour, after the next sitting of the Committee.

Mr. Belcher, from the Committee on Mileage, submitted a report.

Objection was made to its reading by Mr. Stephens, which objection was withdrawn.

On motion, the House adjourned.

On the 10th, Mr. Hilliard gave notice that on Monday he would introduce two bills. The first authorizing Alabama to frame a government preparatory to her admission into the Union. The second, a second establishing the boundaries of Texas, and changing, exchanging them with New Mexico.

Here the Speaker was interrupted by several members in regard to the bill for the relief of Gen. Jessup, which he decided by the Speaker that the first business in order was the consideration of the bill providing for the relief of the widow of Gen. Worth, who is pronounced a poor one. It was carried debate.

Mr. Hall, of Vermont, was then entitled the floor, when other physicians had declared the case beyond the reach of medicine.

Mr. Turner argued the question involved on the bill, but rendered that with all the lights before the House he could not vote for it.

Mr. Palfrey followed. He was free to admit that he was at no loss to decide as to how he would or should be cast on this question. The bill was simply making an appropriation for the relief of the widow, and there could be no objection to it on any other ground. In consequence of an individual opinion entertained by some gentlemen in relation to the Mexican treaty, the original and only proposal to pay the widow of Gen. Worth was made a part of the bill, and was now sought to be defeated by the outside opposition. Mr. Palfrey proposed and read a letter from Gen. Worth, in which he declared that Mexico, to whom all orders should be addressed, and that he would not receive a dollar. Gen. Worth's friends, Messrs. Fessenden, Preston Fitch and Clemens, and Gen. H. A. S. Dearborn, of New York, had all spoken in the highest terms of praise generally throughout the United States.

ALMANAC.

Jan.	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon's phases
1	7 11	4 49	11 57
2	7 11	4 50	11 57
3	7 11	4 51	11 57
4	7 11	4 52	11 57
5	7 11	4 53	11 57
6	7 11	4 54	11 57
7	7 11	4 55	11 57

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER

	8 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Jan. 7.	30	38	35
8.	19	28	25
9.	15	24	21
10.	15	24	21
11.	15	24	21
12.	23	30	28
13.	23	30	28

Married,

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Cooper, Mr. Thomas Hunter, to Miss Mary Ann Hunter, both of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Right Rev. Alonzo Potter, L. L. D., Assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania, Joseph Hopkinson, Esq., to Miss Emily E. daughter of John Connell, Esq. of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. O. Evans Sheppard, Mr. Joseph Hall, to Miss Mary Ann Hall, both of Wm. Washington, D. of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Judah Dubois, Mr. Thomas Hall, to Miss Mary Ann Hall, both of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Wyandle, Mr. Benjamin Brecher, to Miss Catharine Cooke, both of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Thomas Hall, to Miss Mary Ann Hall, both of this city.

On the 28th of Dec. last, by the Rev. Robert Ormiston, Mr. Thomas Hall, to Miss Mary Ann Hall, both of this city.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Robert Ormiston, Mr. Thomas Hall, to Miss Mary Ann Hall, both of this city.

On the 4th of Nov. by the Rev. John Stoner, Mr. Samuel W. Howell, to Miss Fanny Mumford, all of this city.

Died,

On the 12th inst. Mrs. Jerusha, wife of George Hastings, aged [illegible] years.

On the 11th inst. Mary A. Fennell, aged 1 year.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. Mary Ann Hall, aged 40.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. Martha Hall, aged 40.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. Mary Ann Hall, aged 40.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. Mary Ann Hall, aged 40.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. Mary Ann

Selected Poetry.

THESE THREE.

"God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."—2 Tim., 1, 7.

I would not be all body,
And I would not be all mind,
Tho' the land to keep in order
Both capacious be and kind.
I would not be all mind,
Nor would I be all heart;
Yet they quarrel with each other,
And they cannot live apart.

I would not be all body, all mind, nor all heart,
Though they would not live together, yet they cannot live apart.

I would not be all faith,
Nor would I be all love,
Like a wreath without a spring,
The naked heart must prove.
I would not be all love,
And I would not be all faith,
For neither of them would be
Like a wreath without a death.

All faith, or all hope, or all love, I would not be
Though we know that the greatest is love of these three.

Give me faith for this poor mind,
Give me love for this world vast,
Give me hope for this dark body,
And a spring there will make a mist—
No more need to live apart,
If these be not more but united,
There is three-fold grace to these three.
All! my body, mind, and soul,
Only believe, and there's a promise, "who seek shall find."
Even grace to keep these blameless, then body, heart, and mind.

ABSENCE.

BY REV. FRANCES KEMBLE BUTLER.

What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see you thy face?
How shall I cheat the hours that linger
Between this and that sweet hour of grace?

Shall I in slumber sleep each weary sense,
Weary with longing—until I flee away,
Into past days, and with some fond pretense
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for time lay on my soul the load
Of seeing from me God's great gift of time?
Shall I, those scenes of memory locked within,
Leave, and forget life's purposes sublime?

Oh, 'love, or by whose love I live,
To bring the hour that brings thee back more near;
How may I wash my drooping heart in time
Until that hour shall bring me thee, or I be here?

Fill tail thee—for thy sake, I will lay hold
Of all my time, and commune with myself,
In wonder deeds, each moment that is sold,
While thou, beloved, art far from me.

For thee, I will examine my thoughts, to try
All unreverenced flights, in hall and lofty strain,
For thy dear sake, I will severely interdict
Through these long hours, nor call their minions plain.

For thy dear friend I know was aware yet I live.
So may his love-bird time of waiting be
A thousand graces which shall thee be mine;
So may my love-singing inclement be,
And thy dear thought to inherence divine.

Interesting Essay.

CHEMISTRY OF WINTER.

FROM CHAMBER'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Water is subject to a remarkable anomaly. There is a point in its temperature—about 40 degrees in our common thermometer—at which it is most dense or compact, and from which it expands in heating till it becomes steam, and expands in cooling till it becomes ice, which takes place at 32 degrees. This is a beautiful provision of nature. By being less dense than water, ice floats on the top, and, by forming a bad conductor, the mass of less cold liquid beneath from being greatly affected by the intensely-cold atmosphere. Thus the lower stratum of water in lakes and rivers continues to maintain a temperature from ice to eight degrees above the freezing-point; and in this comparatively warm stratum fishes dwell as usual, till the return of spring brings them to the surface, to look out upon a new heaven and a new earth. Running streams resist congelation longer than lakes, and the ocean, in temperate climates, longest of all, partly from its depth, and partly from the quantity of saline matter it contains. This latter circumstance may be illustrated by mixing common salt and water so as to form brine, which will remain liquid at many degrees below the freezing-point of fresh water. Salt water is so much denser than fresh water, that a person may swim more easily in the sea than in a river.

When a bottle is "broken by the frost," this is occasioned by the expansion of the water during congelation; but iron water pipes are burst in the same way, and an experiment may be tried with a bottle of wrought iron, which is found to be no more capable of resisting or of saving the reddish power of the congealing process. In Canada, bomb-shells of cast iron, thirteen inches in diameter and two inches thick, filled with water, and firmly plugged with iron bolts, have been split asunder when exposed to the cold of winter. But this formidable force is used by nature for the most beneficent purposes. The water imbibed by the soil by capillary attraction, separates the particles for ring its expansion; and these, when the thaw of spring takes place, therefore crown down the soil fit for the reception of seed.

In the same way is explained the rounded or weather-worn aspect of many rocks; for instance, limestone and sandstone, and the common beauge that lie at the base of rocks, the stone of which, separated by this agency, glide down the sides of hills. When the water is converted into vapour, the sap of trees is frozen, and the same effect takes place—the tree being next sensible with a loud explosion. Acquainted practically with this law, the mason never uses mortar or cement during frost, and when frost is likely to come on after his work is done, he always covers it carefully with straw, the non-conducting power of which prevents the mortar from freezing. For the same reason, the services-pipe which runs across a gutter area is usually covered with bark or hay or straw during frost. The part of the pipe under ground needs little risk of freezing except in very severe weather; but when it comes into the open air, owing to its good conducting power, is in danger of freezing. To preserve one, substances of bad conducting power are of course chosen. A small quantity, for instance, of straw, hay, or tow, for a considerable time by being wrapped in folds of flannel, or placed in a wooden box, enclosed within another wooden box, in such a way so as to leave stagnant air between them—air being, as well as wool, a bad conductor.

When fish-ponds, or other small collections of water, are completely frozen over, it does not be supposed that the fish live very comfortably at the bottom in their so congenial temperature. They can stand the cold very well; perhaps as well as the warmth of summer; but, like human dogs shut up in a close room, they are poisoned by their own breath. The watery air to be feeble, after its passage through the ice, to exercise most influence on the aquatic plants, which would otherwise decompose the carbonic acid, and thus accumulate it, equally with the fish, if we shut the air out, and do not admit it ourselves. On the friendly service being rendered, the fish are seen rushing up to the aperture, as dancers in a crowded room, when the exhaled air is cut off, stifling, fly to the open window to gasp. They even rush to their destruction, perhaps, for the fishermen know what they are about.

Nature is as beneficent as man on such occasions, and, with her, although she acts on a large pond or lake prevents the admission of heat from the top, and would therefore destroy all of a sudden, there are agencies at work below to counteract the danger. The springs do not freeze, and, coming from the comparatively warm earth, throw up a column of water which gradually thaws the ice on the surface, renders it thin enough for the fainting fishes themselves to throw open their nose. When the cold is too intense for this process—when the very springs are frozen, and the covering of ice rests like a shield cold on the lake—then comes the essence of its inhabitants! The earth, unable to emit, exercises its power in attracting water into its bosom, and thus a vacuum is formed beneath the ice, which, unable longer to sustain the weight of the superincumbent mass of phere, give way, and admits air, and light, and life, into the wastes beneath. Were it not for this wise arrangement, the fishes in an hour frosts would be better off as regards temperature than land animals; and indeed persons who have accidentally fallen through the ice, usually remark that the water felt much warmer than the air.

When the air is at zero, a warm vapor rises through a hole broken in the ice, and condenses into opaque a mixture, that they have the appearance of smoke. In like manner the vapor from our lungs becomes visible on a frosty day; and in cold climates, such as that of Lapland, when a blast of air is suddenly admitted into a house, the breath of the inmates turns into snow. Another beautiful and less obvious effect of condensation is seen in the footprints of man and animals in a mist. These are covered in some cases with a thin sheet of ice, and in others with a delicate network of frost, but in neither is there found a single drop of water in the cavity below—the hard surface resembling into powder beneath our feet. The explanation of chemistry is, that the water which originally filled the footprints was wholly or partially frozen on the surface, and the remainder sucked by capillary attraction into the earth.

Snow is supposed to be formed by the gradual congelation of the thin watery vapor in the upper regions of the air. As this becomes solidified, it descends to the earth by the natural law of gravitation; and if immediately examined with a high magnifying power, it presents to the eye regular and beautiful as figures as hexagons, and these as well as on a bad conductor of cold; and as a covering of the latter preserves the water beneath at a temperature to be in which fish can live, so the snowy mantle with which winter wraps the plants preserves the seeds and roots of the earth from the killing frost. Snow is actually "given like wool," as the Scripture says; and not only is it a covering, but it is a manure by the air which it contains. Like wool, it is a bad conductor of heat, and it is also a bad conductor of electricity, which is the cause of its being comparatively free from the sudden congelation of rain in northern countries, where the latter produces